



The Drought



water

dystopia

death

23 1 5

Chapter 1 by Stella

*December 23, 2102**3:41 PM**Present*

We used to be able to fish in the small river by the school, and take showers, and water our gardens; now we can't. The lakes and rivers are as dry as the desert wind. All the plants are dead, even the evergreens. Now there is a limit of five gallons of water a week, aside from our drinking water. If anyone goes over the limit they get executed. Water is more precious than anything else. We knew the consequences, but no one had predicted this.

I've heard stories about the Modern Age. They say that a hundred years ago water was just starting to go away. No one was executed and it still rained. At least that's what Nana said.

In the valley I live in we're surrounded by mountains miles high. It's said that there are great pools of water on the other side. We have sent people to find it, but they never came back.

One day my friend brought a jar-full of water to school and we sat for hours watching it roll and move as the table swayed. As we were putting the jar away it fell and smashed to pieces. We watched in horror as the tiny water droplets sizzled and evaporated into the air. The next day he was executed for using water as an entertainment method.

I think about all this as I wait to be killed.

Chapter 2 by Valentina Pizzano

*December 21, 2102**8:17 AM*

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"Hurry up," my brother whined. "We'll be late for school!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming!" I holler as I run down the stairs two at a time. We arrive at the corner just as the bus leaves.

"UGH!" he groans loudly.

"I guess we're walking," I say grimly.

By walking the rest of the way in silence I notice more details. The dirt is drier than usual, the skeletons of the trees look deader than usual, and the sun, glaring down from it's high place in the sky, seems to be frying the road. Even though it's only nine in the morning, heat waves ripple through the air. There are no clouds in the sky and no one else on the street. As we round the corner the school comes into view.

We've gone to the same school since pre-k, and even then it wasn't in the best shape. The worn, faded bricks are starting to crumble, and the clay tiles on the roof are sliding off and cracking on the cement ground. I see children ranging from two to eighteen sitting on the charred grass and the half-melted rubber swings. I imagine our school is almost one hundred years old, maybe older. In the halls there are plaques dated all the way back to 2015.

I lay down my jacket over the dry, spiky grass and sit down. Then I sift through my mess of a bag. My black notebook full of plans is there, as always. My brother says I'm paranoid, but it's way too important to lose. Inside are my plans to escape. I've mapped out every mountain, building, and road in my free time.

Just like the structure of the school, the teachers are wearing down as well. They really don't care at all about what happens to us or if we learn anything. The first couple of classes in the morning are as dull as always. We sit down and let the teachers drone on and on about the subjects, providing useless inaccurate facts that we will never use in the future. When the lunch bell rings I pack up my things and leave.

No one will notice and we won't learn anything. I know that for a fact. I head straight home

where my mother is waiting for me with a Nutrition Pill. It's not often that I stay at school the whole day. After chewing the pill, I see a notification on my panel. Nothing is on broadcasting so I flip to the

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I go to *KittenVideos.com* and click on the fourth link from the bottom and reload the page; I've used this proxy for a while now. In it there's a search engine called Google where I can search up anything. Once I found an article about a tunnel that was going to be built in a mountain. It was going to be a huge event and would cost millions of dollars. I printed out the plans just for fun and pasted them into my notebook.

Everyday after school I read a different article, they're usually on how to save water or how to make it rain. So far the only thing I could do on my own is contact the government. But that would be very tricky.

I turn my attention to my notebook and study the plans. They're all here, I'm all set.

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